



## NEWS OF THE NORTHWEST.

OREGON.

UNCLE GEORGE Landenker, of Monroe, is lying in a very critical condition from infarctus of the heart. He is now 88 years old.

In the village the name of Landenker will be rare for years to come, as he will be buried between Newport and the docks at Yaquina.

Newport is commencing to boom, and almost every trade brings some one desirous to purchase homes in the vicinity of water into some.

The new school house at Newport will be completed in a few weeks, and Newport can then boast of having the finest public school building in Benton county.

Leather Mr. DeMott has a large contract for the fort, the P. D. road. He has gone up to the Molalla to get them out, whence they will be floated down the river to Corvallis.

RAKER CITY.

A number of horse buyers are in the city and report horses being hard to buy, as stock raisers do not care to sell at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker boy, who have been absent from this place for the past ten years, returned to the city last Monday.

Sage Brush, J. A. DeMott came from Caldwell yesterday with a hand of sheep for Caldwell, and a hand of cattle for the city, in which C. M. Miller's men, herding a hand of horses informed him that about four days ago they found a dead Chinaman on Little Camas prairie, quite a distance from the road, who had been shot through the head.

He was on a suit of good clothes, a pair of good leather boots and a pair of gun boots by his side. One arm was partly torn off by a bear and wild animals. The probability is that he got lost in a snow-storm and perished.

YANKEE COUNTY.

Miss Lora Wallace has gone to Portland on a visit.

John Macaulay went to Portland on the 19th, and met his fiancée from Scotland, Miss Jane Sabiston, and the couple were wed.

MARRIED.—In Portland, May 26, Mr. Ammon Shultz, of the city, and Miss Anna Cook of Portland. They arrived at this place Thursday evening.

VANCOUVER.

Mr. C. A. Wallace says Yamhill county is going to be fair anyhow. Considerable work is being done on the back, and it is now in progress for timbering. Some good racing is promised for the Fourth.

McMinnville Campaign.—H. Z. Foster, who accompanied Capt. Lafollette to Portland, drops us this note: "The physician, after a thorough examination, has decided that Capt. E. is in no danger; that the crisis in his case has passed, and that he will be all right in a few weeks. He will remain Portland a week or two in order to be near his physician."

LAKE COUNTY.

John Christian and family, and a young man by name of W. H. Johnson, left Marion, from Missouri, a few days ago, and has taken up a claim on Wild Cat.

The captain for blasting a road along Plymouth rock and finishing up the road to the town of Plymouth, Oregon, has been recently let at Eugene to John Brown for \$150. He has moved in with his forces and are now about town on Plymouth.

While returning from Harrisburg to his home on the Columbia, Capt. Christian, Harry Bechtel's team broken, on the mountain and he got out to start them, and an unaccountable manner fell down, and the wagon ran over his feet and caused great bleeding of one of them. He is still lame.

A Mr. Smith arrived at Walton settlement from Nebraska a few days since and settled on the Sinslaw river, between Plymouth and Bechtel's. He is the only family of children on the road for a distance of about thirteen miles, and with one exception the only family. The rest of the settlers are old bachelors.

ALBANY.

Miss Kate N. Tupper, of Portland, delivers a lecture lecture at the court house Saturday evening.

Licence to wed was issued yesterday by County Clerk Andrews to W. R. McDaniel and Mary Davis, of Harrisburg. The ceremony will be performed at the residence of his father, who is in the East, has been telegraphed for.

The force of Oregon Pacific surveyors have descended upon the country around this city. Chief Engineer Baldwin is now engaged in surveying the eastern end of the state.

J. K. Mount, of Harrisburg, who has been on a trip to Eastern Oregon, was in the city Thursday, to call on the former place of residence, sufficient to the little fellow has returned to him. Mr. Williams came up for him yesterday.

Post-Advertiser: Dr. H. Carpenter, a physician, has come to town from Sacramento, where he has practiced for several years, and is superintendent of the Oregon State Institute of Technology, at Portland.

Horatio McElroy, of this project, and Mrs. Blakney and their daughters, of Idaho, arrived on Tuesday for Arkansas from Idaho, and are here again.

Mr. Sindel, of Ballston, came very near being killed last Sunday evening. The team he was driving struck a stump and he was thrown out of the wagon. After some effort he was brought to safety, but was so badly mangled that he died on the way to get all right now. S. Parker, of Ballston, was also thrown from his wagon and badly hurt.

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## DEFECTIVE YOUTH.

Washington Territory's Provision for the Instruction of the Unfortunate.

Report of Mr. W. D. McFarland on the Work of the School Recently Located at the City of Vancouver.

VANCOUVER, May 25, 1866.

The first term of the Washington school for defective youth has come to a close. While it has been but a fragment of a term under the present system, and like all the beginning of things, small and modest in many ways, a good deal of history has been made since, and of a kind that will be of great interest to all in future generations who shall be interested in the work of lightening the burdens of humanity.

The beginning of things are always apt to be full of obscure and future historians will be gratified if just now put on permanent record the steps by which, or of nothing, this unique school has come to be.

It is a good deal of history, however, that we have to offer, and the progress of a multitude of factors, and of the unique school itself, is a study hand and unique young feller, "a boy" in a heroic manner, equal to every emergency and making success possible where with such a small sum could have been in possible.

What was done by the organizer of the class, whose history has been thus briefly told, was done very ingeniously, topically and cheerfully, done with no object in view other than to secure for the defective youth of Washington a letter opportunity for education than they had had before, and the establishment of this territorial school "the first," has been accomplished, and the same time, having been secured, a ample reward for the "the time, effort and money it cost, as we as the not uncoined word goes, in getting in the memory of both the benefactors and the beneficiaries of this school.

Reviewing the first of January, the Washington school had made no further provision for the defective youth than to pay the tuition of such of them as chose to attend it the regular school for deaf mutes, for three terms, and that, previous to 1861, depended on the action of the legislative assembly to whom the school might be presented, there being no legislation on the subject. In the session of 1861 a law was passed authorizing the school to receive at its expense three years each, which law was carried in force until the passage of the act creating this school.

So far as can be learned, without exhaust re-

view, the regular deaf mutes now living in the territory have attended the Oregon school, and that opened December 1, 1850. These names and the dates of their admission and dis-

missal are as follows:

John E. Parker, May 1, 1851.

John C. McFarland, Sept. 1, 1852.

John C. McFarland, May 1, 1853.

W. S. Thompson, May 1, 1854.

John C. McFarland, May 1, 1855.

John C. McFarland, May 1, 1856.

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John C. McFarland, May 1, 1979.

John C. McFarland, May 1, 1980.

John C. McFarland, May 1, 1981.

John C. McFarland, May 1, 1982.

John C. McFarland, May 1, 1983.

John C. McFarland, May 1, 1984.



Oregonian.

## LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Additional Local on Eighth Page.

SIXTH EDITION PAGES.

ONE DOLLAR ADVANCE.

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## A MAY SONG.

Lo! a band of children playing  
Down the village lane;  
Fife and drum, and bugle, say—  
"Ho! to the men!"  
Hear their hearts beat like a drum;  
This is winter's rain,  
Flowers are springing,  
May is come again.

Welcome be thy happy measure;  
We're gladness share;  
Pray, sing us a song;—treasure  
Loved ones, everywhere;

And we feel amid the pleasure,  
When the birds were bare,

Drums above us bring

Brought the flowers,

Made the May so fair.

S. N. MURRAY.

## FORGOTTEN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

BY TSEROLKH GANZERINE.

Written for *The Oregonian*.  
The following story of the Russo-Bulgarian  
war was written by a young Russian author  
whom *Tourguenoff* said: "Behold! here is one  
who will succeed us!"

I remember our race across the woods, the  
whistling of the balls, the crash of the falling  
branches, and the difficulty we had in  
making our way through the prickly bushes. The  
reports of firearms became more and  
more frequent, the opening of the wood  
lying between us and the enemy from time  
to time illumined red with burning flames. Sidoroff, a man boy of the first company (I  
know the thought came into my head, why  
is he here?) suddenly fell to the ground, silent  
regarding me with his great, frightened  
eyes, while a stream of blood gushed  
from his mouth; yes, I remember it well, I  
also remember that nearly at the border of  
the wood, in the midst of the thick bushes,  
saw an enormous Turk. I ran straight  
towards him, small and slender man that I  
am, when something flashed by me, blinding  
my eyes and making my ears tingle. I  
should have been dead. And I? Why? Life  
was so sweet. The day of the accident to the  
poor little dog I was happy; so happy. I  
walked like a man, who, you know, is not  
afraid to die. The post is gone; only the  
present agonizing pain remains.

The best increases; the sun brooks, I  
open my eyes and see the same chicklets, the  
same sky, only by the light in day. Ah, my  
neighbor. Yes, it is a Turk—a  
corpse; big, enormous, I recognize him. It  
is the same before me; he is the man I  
killed—why did I kill him?

He is lying here dead; stained with  
blood. Why have they brought him here?  
Who's he? Perhaps, like me, he has an  
old mother who will stand for hours at the  
door of the hut, looking away to the far  
north, looking after his son, who will never  
return? He knows nothing, feels  
nothing—his heart, weak, faint, to his  
breast—his lungs, weak, faint, to his  
heart. He is become terrible beyond descrip-  
tion. I opened my eyes and looked at him  
once; he had no longer a face; the flesh had fallen from the bones. Although  
he had died directly upon me, then howling  
with fury, dashed himself against a great  
thicket of thorns, which it would have  
been easy to go around, but in his fright  
he did not seem to think of it but tried to  
climb the prickly branches. At the first  
blow I made him drop his gun at the second, I buried my bayonet—I know not  
whether but something fell with a bolt, half  
mud and stones, on following the  
heads and fringes of our men.

I also remember that I fired my gun several  
times, then made a sortie from the  
wood into the clearing. The shots re-  
sounded; we made a movement to advance  
—that is to say, our men did—for strange  
to say, I remained behind. And what  
seemed stranger still, the cry and noise of  
the battle ceased—I heard nothing more.  
I only saw something blue, which I thought  
was the sky; then everything faded away.

Never had I found myself in so strange a  
position. I was lying upon my back, in the  
center of the wood, in the bushes, the  
grass, upon the floor of sand and stones. Before  
they did it? I lay upon the sandbank for  
Constance, he huddled together like her-  
riots in a cage, he had never even heard of  
Russia. If he had refused to go they would  
have given him the pistolet, or perhaps  
had bashed a bullet in his brain. We made  
the attack—only he defended himself. See-  
ing me was a terrible people, who never  
re-  
called even before the guns of Peabody  
or Martini, he took flight and would have  
runned himself, but a little man, whom he  
could, still with one stroke of his  
hand, crush, a man, a Turk, a  
giant—why? he killed him? Oh, how  
this chisel fortrees met! "Hast? I never  
knew the meaning of the word until now.  
At last I make an effort, drawing my  
right hand from under me, and leaning my  
arms upon the ground! I try to raise myself  
to my knees. A sensation as sharp and  
rapid as a stroke of lightning runs through  
my whole body from my knees to my throat,  
and thence to my head; I fall back—again  
darkness and oblivion.

When I awake why do I see the stars that  
burn so brightly in the dark blue skies of  
Bulgaria? I am not in my tent; then where  
am I? I make a movement, and again feel  
that agonizing pain in both legs. I know  
now what it is—I have been wounded, a  
battle. Dangerously? Oh, no! I grasp  
my legs where I feel the pain; both feet are  
covered with congealed blood. When I  
touch them with my hands a terrible agony  
tears my soul, my ears tingle, my head is  
heavy.

I am deeply comprehend. I have been  
wounded in both feet. As I say this I wonder  
where are our men? can it be possible  
that the Turks have beaten us? I begin to  
recall all that has happened, and reach the  
conclusion that we have not been beaten. I  
cannot remember any disaster to the others  
who I left, but I do remember that we  
were ordered to the front; that I could not  
run, and was left behind, with something  
blue before my eyes, and that I fell in the  
clearing at the top of the hill.

This clearing our commander had pointed  
out to us. We must have been boys when  
he cried in the hills, "Run, run, run, run."  
We are over there—then, of course, we cannot  
have been beaten. But where are our men?  
They are not assembled here? Surely I  
am not lying here alone? I turn my head to  
see—then all is plain. When I first revived  
I had under my eyes the blades of grass and  
the little ant; in trying to rise I had fallen,  
not in the same position, but on my back; that  
is why I see the stars. I try to rise again—  
very painful and hard to do when  
both feet are shattered; many times I give  
up despair, but at last, with tears of pain  
stinging in my eyes, I gain a sitting pos-  
ture.

Give me the dark blue heavens, in  
which burn a great star, and many smaller  
ones; around me something dark and high—  
these are the bushes, the thickets. I am in  
the bushes—they will never find me. I feel  
the shivers rise to my head, even to the roots  
of my hair. But how did I get into the  
bushes when I was shot in the clearing? I  
must have crawled here, unconscious from  
the force of pain; yet it is strange, for I  
cannot tell. Then how did I drag myself  
to the bushes? Perhaps, then, I had only  
one leg, and the other ball must have struck  
me here.

Spots of soft rose color begin to spread  
around me; the great star grows pale, two  
little ones vanish; it is the morn rising.  
Oh, how delightful it must be at home!

Then something strange happened. I hear  
a man; yes, it is some one moaning on the  
other side of me, perhaps another forgotten  
one with his legs broken like mine, or a  
leg in his stomach. No, his moanings  
still nearer—close beside me, and yet there  
is no one there. My God, it is I—who  
other than the poor, pitiful man? Is it  
true, that then I am in such suffering? It  
must be, and yet I cannot tell, for I am  
so heavy and confused. I will lie down and  
sleep, sleep, sleep, but shall I ever wake  
again? No matter, it is all the same to me.

Just as I prepare to sleep a strain of moon-  
light lights the spot where I am lying, and  
I see something, something dark and black,  
not five steps from me, and upon it  
little points that sparkle in the moonlight.  
They are the buttons of a uniform—it is a  
corps or some one wounded; all the same;  
I am going to sleep. No, it is impossible.  
Our soldiers are not gone; they are here;  
they have dislodged the Turks and are  
resting in their position. But why is there  
no talk of the fighting, of the firing? What  
is it? In that case, we well know we  
have nothing of all the fury they carry here.  
"Help! Help!" I whisper.

"What is your little pigeon?" said he, be-  
ginning to weep.

"Iolaniyan, what did the doctor say?"  
"My Iolaniyan, i is the little Ivanoff—  
this way? He is living—our little Ivanoff—  
will the doctor?"

The sun comes not, I will be under  
the burning sun, and not a drop of water to  
cool my parched tongue. And the putrid  
lady—it has fallen into liquefaction;  
myriads of worms are crawling from it.  
When they have eaten him—all but the  
bones and the uniform—then will eat my  
soul. Shall I look as he did?

The day and the night pass—the morning  
comes—always the same thing. Another  
day begins; the busies shiver and rustle as  
I talk to each other: "Thou wilt die—  
will die—thou wilt die," they whisper.  
We will die—we will—die—will die.

The sun rises not; my hands and face are  
as before; my heart is as before; my  
breath is as before; my life is as before;  
my death is as before; my soul is as before;

Again I see the little white dog; the con-  
cierge knocks his head against the wall and  
throws him into a ditch of dirty water. He  
is not dead, but lives and suffers all day.  
I am more miserable than he, for I have  
suffered three days; to-morrow will be  
the fourth, then the fifth, the sixth—On, Death,  
where art thou? Why dost thou not come  
and take me?

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## THE FRAUDULENT GRANTS.

Summary of Senator Dolph's Report on the  
Wagon Road Land Grants.

A Bill Reported Directing the Attorney-General to  
Institute Suit to Obtain Judgments for  
Forfeiture of the Lands.

He could have pure air within six  
feet of a decomposing corpse! Every  
time the wind changes it brings me anew  
the horrible odor—so strong that it nauseates  
me. My empty stomach contracts  
painfully; sickening shudders wrench my  
whole body, and still the wind brings that  
pestilential air. In despite I lie there  
weeping bitterly.

Heavy and stupid like one drunk, I remain  
almost unconscious. Suddenly—it may  
be the delusion of a disordered brain—  
the pain disappears, it is better than moving.  
What have I? If one could only stop  
the workings of the brain! But how is this  
possible, when thoughts and memories  
crowd into my head?

After all it cannot be long; the end will  
soon come; all that remains will be a few  
lines in the papers running thus: "Our loss  
very slight; so many wounded; only one  
killed—a common soldier named Ivanoff"—  
no, the name will not even be given; they  
will simply say: "Only one killed, a private;  
it is said, as they say, only a dog."

Soldiers in full bright and clear rushes  
of my mind. I see again the long time ago,  
when, somewhere in another life, when I was  
not a poor dog run over by the on-  
ibus. His legs were broken; he was dying,  
a concierge paraded to crowd and seized  
and carried him away.

Welcome he is happy measure;  
We're gladness share;  
Pray, sing us a song;—treasure  
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